The Assistant Resident said that his work was not too hard and that Andi could also work for me. Thus it goes. The Kepala kampong is a fat fellow with a yellow turban. He is called "Mado" which is the Buginese term for Kepala kampong, or rather, Mado Bukaka. His house is not bad, with a ramp on the side structure, but stairs going up into the main part of it. He is no noble, nor are there any bangsawan [titled nobles] in the village. When Sulewatang Udjung ordered, he called together the kali, guru [teachers], and notables (the Sulewatang later told me that family heads are also important). They are a motley crew. They came in and sat around on chairs. The Sulewatang, Andi, the magistrates, and I sat around a table. Coffee and cookies were served. They all listened well and the guru, a good looking young man, seemed especially intelligent. The Sulewatang gave an opening address and I joined in with more and more comments regarding the United States and the need for knowledge of South Celebes. They were quite silent, but one or two nodded and smiled continuously. I got the idea that they will do what they are told. They too were fascinated by my camera. Also, as usual, they plaintively asked (as asked by the Sulewatang) why things are so expensive and hard to get in Celebes, when there is obviously so much of everything in the United States. They are greatly interested in this matter. I tried to explain the fact that the dollar is high and the rupiah low, and also about the foreign exchange currency control. They got the main point. We then went over my notes (I had gone over the Friedericy notes with the Sulewatang the night before). They got the idea and it seems that they want to appear as both modern and as good Mohammedans, as they always shied away at questions regarding such things as spirit belief, old type feasts, and offerings. This was especially true of the Sulewatang, who always said that formerly such and such a practice may have been observed here and perhaps at present is still observed in the mountains, but in this place and at the present time it does not exist. I was told that such practices were mere legends now, but they admitted that in most cases the people still knew about them.

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The next day I talked with the controleur. He showed me the perkara [legal case] records of the office here. In Wadjo, Bone and Soppeng combined there are over one thousand legal cases per year. Many of these pertain to horse and cattle stealing, which is an old custom here. I saw one decision: six months in jail.

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